

Dorsey Ash entertained at a luncheon at the University club Monday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Neel. The other guests were Miss Maud Fitch, Miss Lella Stingley, Aaron Meyers and A. S. Brown.

Madam Ancella M. Fox of Chicago was the guest of Miss Berkhoel Tuesday, on her way East. During the past month Madam Fox has been visiting at Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Long Beach.

Mrs. H. S. Knight and Mrs. C. E. Parsons were the hostesses of a luncheon Wednesday at the Commercial club in honor of Miss Zarbaugh. Covers were laid for the following named school friends of the guest of honor: Mrs. Ernest Anstee, Miss Myra Sowles, Miss Ethel Lane.

Mrs. Thomas B. Davis was the hostess of a luncheon Tuesday afternoon at the Country club, in honor of Miss Stella Salisbury. The invited guests were Mrs. George K. Fischer, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Mrs. Union Worthington, Mrs. Sturgis, Miss Lillian Woodward, Miss Katherine Judge and Miss Laura Sherman.

Robert N. Wilson, city passenger and ticket agent of the Rock Island, and Miss Sarah Williams, daughter of State Senator W. N. Williams, were married recently. The announcement was made a few days ago since when the young couple have been the recipients of many and warm congratulations. They are both very excellent young people and have the best wishes of relatives and many friends.

Beginning Wednesday last the list of functions for the month of August at the Country Club is as follows:

August 9, table d'hote luncheon at 1 o'clock; Saturday, August 12, tea and clock golf at 4 o'clock; hostesses, Mrs. J. E. Bamberger, Mrs. Simon Bamberger, Miss Helen Bamberger; Wednesday, August 16, table d'hote luncheon at 1 o'clock; Saturday, August 19, tea at 4 o'clock; Wednesday, August 23, table d'hote luncheon at 1 o'clock; Saturday, August 26, tea, tennis, and clock golf at 4 o'clock; hosts, D. M. Boyd, Hugh Satterlee, D. P. Taylor, J. C. Taylor, table d'hote dinner at 7 o'clock; Wednesday, August 30, table d'hote luncheon at 1 o'clock.

Miss Dixie Pike entertained a number of her friends at a Kensington Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Blanche Tate and Miss Hazel Tuckfield. The rooms were prettily decorated with pink and white sweet peas. In a guessing game, prizes were awarded to Miss Lillian Sawyer and Miss Irene Armstrong. The invited guests were Miss Mina Rogers, Miss Edgarda Wedgewood, Miss Irene Armstrong, Miss Romola King, Misses Lillian and Winifred Sawyer of Grand Junction, Colo.; Miss Virginia McMaster, Miss Winifred Brice, Miss Florence Madson, Miss Marjorie Palmer, Miss Stella Hardy, Miss Effie Parsons, Miss Elsie Hansen, Misses Nellie and Carrie Williams, Miss Edna Smith, Miss Nettie Luman, Miss Vita Bebee, Miss Bessie Mayne, Miss Nora Murdock and Miss Bessie Thompson.

#### BIDS WANTED FOR WATER PIPE.

Bids are called for 10,000 feet of 4-inch pipe, 5,000 feet of 3-inch iron pipe with hydrants and other paraphernalia for the construction of the water pipe line from Little Cottonwood to Bingham canyon. The work of building the line will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

#### Lays Dust With Oil.

Alameda, Cal., is trying the experiment of oiling its principal streets.

#### CHATTER.

(Being the personal opinions of the writer and for which no one else is in any manner responsible).

James Edward Foye is the name of a young man who lives in New York City; who draws a salary of between \$3,000 and \$4,000 per year, yet who declines, in a most brutal manner, to support his mother who is a widow. The old woman has called on him three or four times of late to appeal for aid, but each time he has turned her away. "I am sick and tired of being annoyed by her" he says. "I was born of her, but it wasn't my fault. She's crazy. I only know her as my father's divorced wife." Now what do you think of a man like that? Wouldn't you give five dollars per minute for a ten minute session with that upstart in a basement where there was plenty of room and no interference. Just imagine what a good time a man could have hitting that pusillanimous cur right on the end of the nose, in the eye, on the point of the jaw and under the ear until he went down and out.

Now that young monkey must have some reason, other than those expressed. Giving him all the best of the argument, it may be presumed that this old woman, came to want in her old age, may have caused the elder Foye some mental anguish. He may have been a termagant; an expensive ne'er do well; a gossiping jade; a gross sinner against her vows of chastity maybe. But not all the crimes in the calendar; not all the offenses against society could keep her out of the heart of a son who had the least spark of manhood in his breast after viewing her condition. Born of her body, nursed by her through the trying times of infancy; cared for by her; watched over day and night for weary weeks and months had she abandoned him when he was just beginning to toddle, the debt he would have incurred would have been great enough to warrant his cheerfully contributing to her support in her declining years. Aye, had she been the lowest strumpet that ever walked in the gutter, she is his mother and it is incumbent upon him to make her latter days peaceful. This fellow had his mother arrested for "annoying" him. He threatens to have her arrested again. "If she was in the hospital I would not give her a nickel. I do not care what happens to her." All this in Christian New York. A city where a thousand spires point heavenward showing men the house not made with hands; a city where a thousand preachers daily labor with their fellow men to lead better lives; a city where Christian societies flourish and where good men and good women do their best to uplift humanity. Well, it is plainly evident that none of the talk ever reached this animal's heart; that there is nothing sacred in the heaven above or the earth beneath to him. Because when a man goes back on his mother, there is no use talking about redeeming him. The lowest tough that ever disgraced old Five Points; the hardest citizen that ever lived in Mulberry street; the worst specimen of mankind who ever haunted the old Bowery, would have killed a man for slandering his mother; much less refusing to feed her when she was hungry. Any one of those classes would have done murder to have obtained money to keep his parent from suffering from cold, heat, hunger or lack of shelter. But this one; he has no soul. God never created a being of that sort with a soul. When he dies his body will become food for worms and that will be all,

unless perchance his rotting carcass poisons some decent worms.

What ought to be done with him? Why, he ought to be branded, as was Cain of old and driven from place to place like the reptile he is. No man should give him employment; no man feed him. Let him be hunted from town to town, from village to village, from field to field until hunger and despair drive him to self murder. Then let his infested corpse be dumped into a hole and covered lest it pollute the land. At every door where he appeals for aid the same treatment he accorded this infirm old mother ought to be extended him. When he asks for a drink to cool his fevered frame and quench his burning thirst it should be denied him; when he asks for bread none should be given. Let him roam and roam always seeking and never finding, always asking and never receiving.

There is something so sacred to even the lowest of us, about the name of Mother that when we hear it spoken we always experience a feeling of reverence and love for the memory of that dear woman now sleeping so quietly beneath the green sod of the little cemetery, oh so far away. We forget that she was human, like the rest of us, and remember only that she was an angel in her ways. We recall the many nights when she hung over our little cots and crooned us to sleep, and we many times have visions of babyhood and feel her pure, sweet, warm kisses upon our lips in slumber. The memory of the dear old face arises at times before us when sick and tired with the turmoil of life, and all of its attendant struggles, and we catch ourselves saying with the sweet singer—long ago laid to rest:

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight;  
Make me a child again just for tonight;  
Mother come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again in your arms as of yore.  
Press from my forehead those furrows of care;  
Smooth the few silver locks out of my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;  
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep."

And we dream of the dear old Mother or we often think that nothing she could have done would have alienated our affections from her. No crime she could have committed; no offense she could have indulged in would have lessened our love, for we would have ever been ready with some excuse for her conduct. She might have erred in many ways but to us she would have been the same dear, loved and loving Mother.

And thinking as we do of the dear one now beyond the skies, when we see or hear of a man mistreating the fountain of his existence, we grow wroth and wish we had the reckoning with him. There isn't a man who has read the story of James Edward Foye who doesn't feel a loathing, a contempt, a righteous indignation; there isn't a man who doesn't ache to punch his head; to mash his face and the stronger the mother love in the man, the harder he would hit him. Oh, won't some man, or men, born of woman give this creature what he deserves? Will not the law, that hand-maiden of Justice, bring him to book? Will he be permitted to go on in this way, rebuffing the poor, hungry old mother day after day, leaving her to the cold charity of an unfeeling pub-

lic? God help us that in this day of enlightenment and religion such a condition is permitted to obtain.

Lord bless the mothers of today and deliver them from bearing sons in any way like this one. May the good, kind Providence endow them with children who will revere them in life, as we do the dear, dead women who sleep in the kind bosom of the great Mother Earth. May the boys and girls now clinging to their skirts give them less trouble than we did the ones who have gone. May they learn to anticipate their wants and assist them in making life's burdens lighter, because they can if they try. We who sit in the shadow looking backward over the journey, note many a place where we might have done better had we tried, and the holy sanctity of the pictures we see in the mirror of memory is marred by the thought that our heedlessness caused unnecessary pain. Heedlessness it was, for the love never wavered, the fondness was ever true. Not that we returned as much as we received, for the inexhaustible store of a mother's love knows no even exchange. Lord bless the children who are growing up, and if among all the many millions of little ones who have just stepped across the threshold of life there be one such as is this Foye, take him away. Let his mother mourn him as her darling, and cherish him in her heart as her fair haired little angel, instead of permitting him to grow up to do as has this incarnate imp. It is better that she should kneel beside his little grave and moisten its flowers with her tears than to have him grow to manhood and rankle her loving heart with the thorns of a conduct such as has disgraced James Edward Foye.

#### Tombing.

The little son of an American mother and English father, who was being instructed in English history by the latter, was deeply impressed by the stories of England's kings and other great men, most of whom happened to be entombed in Westminster abbey. Seeking his mother he proposed that the next time they were in London together she should take him tombing in the abbey. And why not? The lad, in coining the word, doubtless had in mind visiting, shopping, slumming. Why not "tombing" with the hosts of sightseers?

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